The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. I.

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WELLESLEY, MASS., SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

Willis F. Stevens, Publisher, Wellesley, Mass.

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. I. WELLESLEY COLLEGE, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889. No. 1.

The Wellesley Prelude.

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SEPTEMBER has come again; and now, while Nature gathers in the fruit of months of sunshine and rain, while she turns her wheat to gold and touches the grape with a tender purple bloom, while she brings the summer to a glorious end, a vast army of young men and maidens assembles to make a beginning, not inglorious, let us hope.

To the newly fledged Senior it comes with a pang. The last summer vacation is over, the last year of happy college life has begun with so much of unaccustomed dignity and ill deserved honor that in anticipation it is overwhelming. To the Junior, September brings a sense of mighty importance. To the Sophomore, a kindly resolution to be "very good to the poor little Freshman," while to the Freshman come many conflicting feelings, not the least of which is a curious desire to know what is going to happen next.

But to the Editor what does not September bring? projects? innumerable anticipations? glorious. Work? not a little. And doubts? A few. While the summer has passed idly over many heads, bringing rest and strength to begin again the climb to wisdom's heights, to the Editor it has been a period of more active preparation, of earnest thought and energetic planning and of occasional despondency lest much be in vain and the result a failure. And we reflect the summer is but a prelude to the winter, and the winter a prelude to the years that follow. 'Tis but a beginning that we make now and to-day is the birth-day of our independent college paper. What the weeks may bring we know not, though our plans are many and our hopes high. What the years may bring we know still less, but our ears are open to catch the faint strains of the music we must march to, and we are ready, when the sweet strains grow louder and bolder and more exultant, to march with firmer steps, until the prelude is lost in a burst of glorious sound.

In other words, the PRELUDE, grateful to its predecessor for so nobly and bravely leading the way, means to do its humble best to fill worthily the place it shall occupy in the world and to faithfully fulfil all those duties which it is the office of a college paper to perform, trusting that as it grows in age it may grow in strength and usefulness and that it may one day hold the honorable position of Queen Dowager with many illustrious progeny about it in the shape of Dailies, Weeklies and Monthlies.

In another sense, too, do we expect our paper to be a *Prelude*. Its pages are open to all, and any student of Wellesley College, however unused she may be to wielding the mighty pen and however fearful of trusting her efforts to the glare of publicity, may herein find a place for whatever she writes of worth, and one day, we prophecy, not a few will look back from a loftier plane of literary work and say: "the PRELUDE showed me what I could do. In my college paper I made a beginning."

Then long life and a prosperous career to the PRELUDE. May she shine among other college papers with a lustre of her own. May her contributors be many and her circulation large and may her shadow never grow less.

Mary D. E. Lauderburn, '90.

BEYOND.—A SONG.

The light lies golden on the distant hills,—
Gaze, dreamy eyes, it is thy happy fate,—
On those far heights life's shining visions wait,
Until He wills.

A strange, sweet song is hinted in the wind;
List, charmed ear and catch the fleeting strain.
From thy heart-chorus 'tis some low refrain
Thou hearest hymned.

An unknown beauty fills the throbbing air;
Reach out, O hands, grope for these unseen things,
It may be thou mayst touch thy angel's wings,
And clasp him there.

Kent Dunlap, '90.

A BIRD CALENDAR.

July and August.

For the first half of the year, from January through June, the bird-chorus is in *crescendo*. From week to week and month to month there is the pleasant excitement of new arrivals; old favorites return, and others, which have baffled the previous year's observation, tempt us out to renewed efforts.

But now, alas! we have entered upon the *diminuendo*. Passing from June to July marks a great change: June is the month of rapturous song, wooing, romance; July comes down to the prose of commonplace life. There are many little gaping, hungry mouths to be filled, and how many grubs it takes to satisfy them only cock robin knows. Busy as the robins are, they still keep up their evening song in the long summer twilight while the fire-flies twinkle brightly through the grass.

The purple finch or linnet still kept his fountain of song running cool and sweet until time for the second brood, late in July.

Orioles feed about silently or with only an occasional whistle or "*chir-r-r*," as if the care of one precious family swinging from the elm-branches yonder were enough to leave no time for song.

I ought to explain at once that perhaps the observations of these months may not tally exactly with the previous chapters, for my point of observation is suddenly changed from the "forest primeval" in the vicinity of Simpson Cottage to a small city-acre in central New York. I am still, however, in the Alleghanian Fauna. The aforesaid acre has maples and fruit trees, and at the rear of the garden is a high hawthorn hedge which is of course largely appropriated by the English sparrows. These much-berated foreigners have not succeeded in discouraging a family of song-sparrows, and not a day has passed without the sweet and vivacious strain of this brave little songster.

The cat-bird, too, frequented the hedge during July and made a ludicrous effort to out-sing his cousin thrushes, the robins, at evening. His voice was still more cracked than in June, but now that he has gone he probably flatters himself that he is very much missed.

The family which is missed is a family of tiny wrens which used to come and build in a little bird-house in a large pear-tree near our house. For some reason they did not come this summer and the house is without a tenant. If I had understood bird-Greek I should have put up a sign somewhat as follows: "To Rent. A desirable summer cottage of four rooms, suitable for a small family. All the modern improvements. No English (sparrows) need apply."

When the first family of wrens settled there, we were somewhat anxious for their peace and safety. But no bird is less in need of anxiety; both Jack and Jenny Wren are perfectly competent to take care of themselves and fight their own battles, even with enemies twice their size. Their intense determination and rapid sputtering left no showing for the other party. And so the family was unmolested and seemed quite indifferent to the watching of friendly eyes from the neighboring windows. In due time the brood was raised, but no one was up early enough in the morning to see them started out in the world. One little fluffy fellow with his tail at the pert wren-angle was seen for a day or two after, but they were soon all shifting for themselves.

There is nothing more completely deserted than a deserted nest. It is a fallacy to suppose that birds live in nests. The nest is built solely for the eggs and young, and after they have once left it they never return. Even for the second brood of the same season a new nest is generally built. Reasoning thus I helped myself to a chipping sparrow's nest, which I had found in a grape arbor with young birds in it, in the latter part of June. Chippy is

the most confiding little creature, building within easy reach of your hand beside some frequented path in plain sight of children and cats.

I was almost startled at hearing one day the note of a cuckoo. It is a strange sound in the midst of civilization; a weird, hollow note which would harmonize better with wilds and solitudes. It is popularly believed to be a herald of rain and in some parts of the country is called the rain-crow. The whole family have a bad reputation, owing to the habit of the European variety of laying her eggs in other bird's nests. But our American varieties, both the black-billed and the yellow-billed, have nests of their own.

A bird without a song, like a flower without fragrance, seems a paradox of nature. A faint creaking noise calls attention to a flock of wax-wings or cedar-birds, better known now as cherry-birds. They have no other note than this, but their fine plumage is some compensation. In color and texture it is peculiarly soft; above, a light creamy brown, more yellowish below, with a fine crest on the head set in a tiara of velvety black. A few of the wing-quills are slightly prolonged and colored bright red, making a spot on each wing like a drop of red sealing-wax.

On a telephone-wire sits a sad-colored little bird with a drooping, listless air. But presently he makes a sudden sally, and with a long sweeping curve returns to his perch with his bill full of a struggling moth. It is our friend of May, the wood-peewee, whose sprightly capture of insects "on the fly" contrasts strangely with the pathetic drawl of his song. I have noted a similar mixture of indolence and activity in other biped creatures. As old Dr. Popkin said of Ajax: "He would rather fight than eat, and rather sleep than do either."

A sudden whirr and a fine unmusical twitter made me look up to see a ruby-throated humming-bird in a very becoming situation, hovering on invisible wings at the mouth of a drooping fuchsia blossom, a jewelled pendant from the "lady's ear-drop." He wears his song on the outside of his throat and sings to the eye with all the exquisite and incredibly swift motion of his tiny body and long pointed wings. As Ruskin said in describing mosses: "No words are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough." One of my dearest possessions is a humming-bird's nest in which the spirited little mother once laid two pure white eggs; there are never more. The dimensions of the little home are one inch by three-fourths of an inch. It is made of soft brown plant-down, somewhat felted now by the rain; and all over the outside is a fine mosaic of bits of lichen firmly glued on, running down over the limb to which the nest is securely fastened, making the whole structure look like a mossy knot on the limb. The nests of tropical humming-birds are much more fragile and airy, but this is a model of neatness and firmness, capable of surviving many a drenching rain.

Passing by the warbling vireo and the red-headed woodpecker, the handsomest of our Northern woodpeckers which I have never seen in Massachusetts, and the nut-hatch which I have heard only once this summer, I can not leave out the two yellow birds, the yellow warbler and the goldfinch. The former is very abundant and has a short and sweet song. He is entirely yellow, somewhat olivaceous on the back, wings and tail. The goldfinch is distinguished by his black wings and tail and tiny black cap which gives him almost a crested appearance. All day long the air is full of their sweetness. Their song is as soft and filmy as the thistle-globe which sails the air. They are related to August as the chickadees are to January. Now is their harvest-time; the weeds and plants with plumed seeds are just ripe and ready to be picked. There are few prettier sights than a troop of these yellow-coated little harvesters, now lighting on a slender stalk which their small weight bends nearly to the ground, now soaring into the air with their graceful wavy flight, chattering all the while like—like nothing else but their happy selves.

There is a great deal of poetry in birds, and there are some birds in poetry; perhaps there is nothing more perfect than this familiar verse translated from Victor Hugo:

> "Let us be like the bird, one moment alighted,
> Upon a twig that swings,
> He feels it bend, but sings on unaffrighted,
> Knowing that he has wings."

A. C. Chapin.

The condition which high friendship demands is the ability to do without it.—*Emerson.*

THE STORY OF ERIC.

"There is no chance now-a-days," said Eric, "the Valkyri maidens visit Iceland no longer. There is always a stupid peace!"

"What would you have, child?" replied Eric's grandmother. "The old sagas are but legends now, and who sees the Valkyri to-day?"

But Eric believed in them. When he tended the sheep on the slopes of the great yokul behind his grandmother's hut, and the Northern Lights flashed out, he thought: "Some slain hero enters Valhalla to-night, I see the shining Valkyri maids!" The boy's eyes would grow wistful as he gazed.

It was in such a mood that he started out on the mountain one late afternoon in spring. He went to find his younger brother Heimer and bring back the sheep. But neither Heimer nor sheep could he see, and only the elves of Night answered in echoes the boy's shouts, as he wandered over the desolate, snow-capped yokul. The long twilight was drawing to a close, and he was far on the wilder side of the mountain, before he heard a faint answer: "Here am I, Eric, here is Heimer!" And there was the child, bound fast to a leaf-stripped ash, weeping piteously.

"Oh, Eric, the sheep are gone! Logi has stolen them. He says he will drive them far away to the Southland."

"The coward! And he bound you here?"

"Yes," sobbed Heimer, "but he said he would come and untie me when the sheep are all driven across the river, and it is too late to get them back, —there he comes now!"

By this time Eric had unfastened Heimer, and they turned towards the ice-filled river. But before they reached it a cry of terror burst from the boy on the ice. At the same instant that he saw Eric and would have fled, he felt a quiver and a movement among the ice-cakes, and then found himself floating helplessly towards the rapids. For the ice that filled the river was in the form of huge cakes, that had been massed together by a lock in the ice a mile below. This lock had suddenly broken, and the ice-cakes were free.

"I shall drown!" screamed Logi.

"Serve you right!" muttered Eric angrily.

"Look, Eric, he is drifting this way," cried Heimer.

At the point where the ice-cake would drift nearest the shore an ash tree grew out over the water. If Logi could reach this, he might be rescued. "O Eric, save me!" he cried.

A great struggle filled Eric's breast, surged and flashed out in his eyes. He despised Logi! Did he not deserve his fate? No doubt the Yorus had decreed that this should be the punishment for Logi's wickedness, and why should he interfere? Then he thought of Sigurd the Volsung and the heroes of his beloved sagas. What would they have done? What should he do? And then he thought of the Allfather. The ice drifted nearer–nearer–but when it reached the ash-tree Eric lay stretched upon it, bending the branches down to the water.

If they broke, he knew that he would perish too. But the boy had fought his battle bravely. He did not falter. He felt the branches strain, and feared the added weight of Logi. The ice had reached the tree now, and Logi sprang to grasp it. The first branch broke in his hand. Still Eric might have drawn back and saved himself, but he bent the tree still farther. This time Logi caught it. Then came a sudden crash of breaking wood, a wild cry of despair from Logi, and Eric felt the rushing, icy water all about him. At first he realized nothing but the sound of the torrent in his ears. And then—was it the shock of the fall, or the clearness of death-vision? The boy saw the flashing of Northern Lights, the great white battle-maidens drawing near! Were they singing the song of triumph? of Valhalla and the rainbow bridge?

The flood surged over him.

Logi, too, was gone, swept away on the wild waters. Little Heimer stood alone on the bank in the twilight, weeping.

Lillian Corbett Barnes, '91.

The worth and value of knowledge is in proportion to the worth and value of its object. What then, is the best knowledge?

The exactest knowledge of things is to know them in their causes; it is then an excellent thing, and worthy of their endeavors who are most desirous of knowledge, to know the best things in their highest causes; and the happiest way of attaining to this knowledge is to possess those things and to know them in experience.—*Coleridge.*

HARVARD LETTER.

Editors of the Prelude :—

Writing to you from Harvard I am aware that a description of student life would very likely be more entertaining than the present exposition of the Harvard elective system. Student life as it is to-day, however, will to-morrow be a thing of the past, while any honest conception and defence of the elective system has a certain inherent interest which it must retain. It is this reason which has governed my present choice. My only regret is that in the space taken I cannot do justice to the importance of the subject under consideration.

Student life at Cambridge runs in so many different and seemingly opposite channels that it is often incomprehensible to the Harvard man himself. He is surrounded by men of the most varied tastes and motives. He walks with them, talks with them, and yet does not know them. It is only within his own circle that he really lives out his true self. On every hand he finds a superior in each specified line, and if he be not irresistible he succumbs at last in a degree to his surroundings, and drops back into a very modest public exhibition of his own personality. Of course there are leaders among them, men of pronounced individuality, as is inevitable; yet, despite this fact, the average, that is the typical Harvard man is strangely free from self-assertion, at least among his fellows.

This peculiarity once noticed it is both natural and easy to inquire into its cause, for despite the laughing denial of the world, the Harvard man's lack of self-assertion is a unique feature in American college life. "What then is the cause of this lack?" To answer the question is to enter into a discussion of those very phases of Harvard life which mark the distinction between Harvard and other American institutions of learning, and yet the attempt is surely worth the making.

First of all, then, Harvard is a university—not only nominally, but really; and is, moreover, a university of a unique type, as will be seen.

Year by year the graduates of other colleges come to Cambridge in increasing numbers, and year by year, too, new courses are added to the curriculum. Of these evidences of growth Harvard should certainly be proud, and so she is, for they point to a time not far distant when even in the opportunities for special research Harvard will offer advantages equal to those now offered by the most advanced universities of the Old World. And yet the increase of the Harvard university spirit is abundant cause for solicitude; for while Harvard is a growing university it is also primarily a college, and just here a conflict seems to begin. The object of a university obviously is to afford men opportunities for special and advanced research, but of a college to fit men for life; and in like manner the methods of the two institutions are dissimilar. How, then, is it possible for a college and a university to exist side by side, under the same government, and led by the same corps of instructors? For an outsider the answer is certainly not an easy one, since it implies a familiarity with a system which, through its varying forms, has brought Harvard under the weight of much criticism both fair and unfair. Indeed, to one thoroughly acquainted with Harvard life and methods, the question presents certain difficulties of explanation. Its solution, however, is important, since it affords an insight into the elective system—a system which in its application to American education is bound sooner or later to revolutionize the methods of American colleges. Already some have partially espoused its cause, but Harvard still remains its especial champion. At Harvard it is the link that binds the college and the university together and assures their continued peaceful existence side by side. If changes come, they will come through a process of development, not of dissolution.

The application of the elective system to the graduate department—that is, to Harvard the university, is in no way peculiar. Its methods there are practically the same as those employed in Johns Hopkins and the recently established Clark University. In the undergraduate department, however, that is, in Harvard the college, the case is different, and it is here that we shall most profit by studying the elective system. First of all, then, for a short exposition.

On entering college every member of the freshman class is required, in addition to the prescribed subjects of Rhetoric, Physics and Chemistry, to choose elective studies amounting to four full courses and, unless both French and German have been previously presented for admission, it is further

required that one of these two languages not presented must be included in the four courses chosen. Distinctly advanced subjects may not be taken in the freshman year, unless, indeed, the student has proved himself fitted to pursue a higher course in some specified department. In the sophomore, junior, and senior years, the choice is less restricted, on the principle that the more advanced the student the more extended is his option. Even in these years, however, some English is required, varying from twelve themes for sophomore, to four forensics for both juniors and seniors. In addition to this prescribed English, each senior, junior, and sophomore is required to take four elective courses, or what is practically the same, an equivalent number of courses and half-courses, provided that he shall take not less than the equivalent of three half-courses during either half year. Beyond this, it is possible for a student to elect in the freshman year one, in each of the three remaining years two extra courses, provided his record of work performed is complete at the beginning of the year. If this is done, however, the student is held responsible for the regular work of the courses, and in return he is allowed, if he so wishes, to have his extra studies count toward his degree. He may of course withdraw at any time from any extra work, provided due notice of his intention has been given to the Secretary of the college. With the exception of freshmen all regular students are almost unrestricted in the choice of elective studies. Not more than one course in special research, however, may be taken in the same year by an undergraduate, and a few courses require the previous consent of the instructor. All choices of elective courses are registered, and changes may not be made during the college year except by permission of a committee of the faculty.

Such briefly is the elective system. Further details here would be both uninteresting and out of place. Enough, however, has been said to explain the working principles. It is this system which has of late received so much conservative criticism, and which has brought upon Harvard the disapprobation of certain cultured men of the old school. It may be well, then, for a complete understanding of the elective system to inquire into some points of this adverse criticism and to see how far they are borne out by the facts.

The most natural and at the same time the most far reaching and vital criticism upon the elective system urges that young men entering college, and indeed young men in college, are too immature to appreciate their own needs and advantages, and hence are incompetent of themselves to choose what course they would best pursue during their college career. If this be true, and if there be no offset to this tendency, the elective system is of course a failure. Following and dependent upon this major criticism, the critics declare that under the elective system the student, because of his very immaturity, will choose his courses designedly with a view to minimizing his study, that in order to do this he will choose subjects which bear no relation to his previous or his subsequent work, and that by exercising his own option he is almost certain to choose those studies which are most congenial and thus to avoid, perhaps, the very courses which he needs for his fullest development.

Such in a general way is the criticism brought to bear upon the elective system. In replying to this criticism it seems best, before answering the more sweeping and vital objection, to consider the minor arguments. Granted, then, for the moment, that the average Harvard man, if left to himself, is too immature to elect his own studies, let us see how far it is really true that he chooses his courses with a view to minimizing his work.

The regular elective subjects are classed under the general heads of courses and half-courses, the supposition being that the work required in any regular full course is approximately the same as that required in every other full course, that the like is true of half-courses, and that the work of any full course is equal to the work of any two half-courses. As a matter of fact, however, scarcely two half-courses can be found which together require as little work as the average full course. He who would escape all unnecessary work, then, is wise to choose full courses throughout his college career; and taking it for granted that such is his choice, he will without doubt select the easiest full courses he can find. Now it is undeniable that there are a few students who attempt to use this very method. Unfortunately for them, however, the courses which they can thus employ are very few, and are yearly

becoming fewer, for every course known to be generally thus employed is without fail either reduced to the level of a half-course or so changed in its requirements as to be fully equivalent to the average of full courses. From what has been already said, therefore, it may readily be seen that the so called snap courses are disgustingly scarce from the point of view of an intellectual slow-fellow. But in addition to this there is another consideration which renders mental loafing at Harvard a considerable task, for although the continuous work required in certain courses is comparatively small, there is yet a day of judgment which, as it approaches, strikes terror into the hearts of the unready. For such the Harvard examination day is a day of just retribution, when no favors are granted, but when the faithful are separated from the unfaithful without a sympathizing word. Such a prospect does not fail to have its legitimate effect.

In reply to the two remaining minor criticisms, that the student, if left to himself, makes inconsequent choices, and that he purposely avoids some of the studies most necessary to his development because they are uncongenial, there is comparatively little to be said. It is useless to deny that in the past these evils have existed to some extent. The following measures, however, have already been taken to counteract these tendencies. Beginning with the present year, each freshman class will be divided into a stated number of groups, and each group will be under the supervision of some member of the faculty. To him all choices of elective studies must be submitted and his advice may at all times be solicited by any of the students in his group. This method, as a system, is, to be sure, untried, and has, therefore, still to be finally approved as such; and yet it does not seem hasty to predict even now its success, for it is bound to bring students and faculty together as personal friends,—a relationship which has already existed in a general way at Harvard and been productive of the best results.

In answering the preceding minor criticisms it has been granted under protest that Harvard undergraduates are as a class too immature to reap the benefits of the Harvard elective system. The facts, however, do not support this chief and vital objection. It is both useless and unnecessary to deny that Harvard has her share of immature men in common with contemporary colleges. It cannot, however, be said with truth that her percentage of such men is uncommonly large. Indeed, to one familiar with Cambridge men it seems comparatively small, and this, it seems to me, is a direct result of the elective system itself.

As soon as the elective system had passed the uncertainty of its early formative period, it gave rise to a spirit of intelligent self-reliance which increases with every passing year. In matters intellectual the university spirit takes possession of the student as soon as he becomes familiar with his surroundings and, scarcely knowing why, he develops early in his college course some general plan of college work. He has breathed the tonic air of intellectual freedom modified by discriminating judgment. He considers his option a responsibility at first, perhaps, because he has found that upper class men do the same, but finally because he sees that, notwithstanding the flings at Harvard social life, the spirit of Harvard is in reality a spirit of earnestness. With the great majority of his fellows he shares that sense of personal responsibility which the elective system has awakened, mindful that they alone are truly Harvard's sons who go from narrowness to genuine culture along the avenues which the elective system has opened.

Robert Morton Fullerton.

CLEMATIS.

Come forth into the wilderness and rest,
Where the sure instinct of the faultless vine
Foregoes the trellis-teaching, line on line;
Where August sees the graceless wayside dressed
In the pure raiment of the bridal guest,
No poorest bush unhonored with white shine
Of grouping stars in effortless design,
Dropping to lowest leaf from crowning crest,
Pricked out with buds and filling in with bloom,
Daintily woven in a noiseless loom,
Over bent twigs close caught and lightly tossed.
Ungainly growth has here no showing-room.
Here the rule-restless heart finds healing most,
Where law in seeming liberty is lost.

Mary Russell Bartlett, '79

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.—*Amiel.*

THE WEEK.

The usual rainy weather cooled the ardor of the Freshmen whom Sept. 11th brought to Wellesley. But the gloom without was in a great measure counteracted by the lively stir within the college walls. Almost the first thing to greet one on entering the door was the beautiful new palm which adorns the centre, and which seems to have been especially provided to aid us in welcoming the new-comers. The first few days were days of bustle and confusion, as must be expected when six hundred and eighty-two girls are assembling from all quarters of the globe. The one hundred and eighty-three Freshmen were being initiated into the ways of Wellesley by the ever-attendant, kindly Sophomores, while the former students were busily engaged in greeting their many friends.

Several changes are noted by those who are familiar with Wellesley. Most noticeable change of all, fair '89 has gone, never to return, a fact as mournful as the weather. We miss them, nor can we forget their familiar faces which were wont to brighten these halls such a short time ago. The former history lecture room is no more, but in a new dress will be Society Hall, the home of Wellesley's Greek letter societies, Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha. Another change which affords substantial delight is that domestic work has been lightened. Indeed the state of things is so different that we are almost inclined to drop that hard and suggestive term, work, and employ a more pleasant expression.

The new Farnsworth School of Art is indeed an addition to the college buildings. It certainly is to be a most beautiful building, although it will not be entirely completed for a few weeks. The grading and the other work are going on as rapidly as possible. The building is very beautifully finished in antique oak, and the tinting of the walls is especially fine. Miss Denio's classes, and the art students, and Freshman drawing classes, will meet there, and if they fail to derive inspiration from their surroundings, it will be a striking illustration of the power of mind over matter. The Stetson collection is already hung, and surely may be said to have a most worthy setting in this fine building.

The new cottage, though not wholly habitable for the first few days, promises to be a very pretty home for its enthusiastic occupants. Life there at first seemed to savor somewhat of a picnic, but that state was to be of short duration. The new antique oak furniture excites universal admiration. Mrs. Hurd is to have charge at the Wood.

We are glad to welcome the faces we have missed for a year, to have among us again our teachers and professors, who have been away gaining fresh strength and enthusiasm for their work. In the department of History, Chemistry, and Elocution there are no changes. In the German Department, Fraulein Louise Wenckebach has left Wellesley to become a music teacher in Germany. Her place will be taken by Fraulein Margarethe Mueller of the normal school at Hanover, Germany. The Philosophy Department feels deeply the loss of Miss Hurll, who has gone abroad for rest and study. The Department of Mathematics will miss Miss Pendleton, who has gone to Cambridge, England, for a year's study in pure Mathematics. Miss Burrell returns to take her classes again. Professor Willcox has gone abroad for her Sabbatical year, and Miss Woodman is assisting in the Zoölogical Department. In Botany, a new elective course has been added. It is advanced work, Systematic Botany, also bringing in Economic Botany. The Latin Department welcome back Miss Sarah Burlingame, who has been pursuing advanced studies in Latin at Oxford, England, during the past year. The many friends of Miss Emerson are sorry to hear that she will not be here this year.

Wellesley feels very happy on account of the return of Professor Whiting and Professor Coman. Professor Whiting has visited many laboratories during her travels, but she says that nowhere has she seen so many women at work in a laboratory as we have here at Wellesley. It is a matter of sincere regret to all that Miss Aumack will not be with us this year, but her friends will be glad to learn that her health is improving. Her place will be filled by Miss Maltby, a graduate of Oberlin, and for several years a special student of Physics at the Institute of Technology, Boston. The inspiring presence of Miss Soule will be greatly missed from the Greek Department, and it is only that we know that something calls her louder than Wellesley that can reconcile us to our loss. Miss Montague will be abroad this year engaged in travel and study. Miss Edwards, a graduate of Cornell, and fellow at Bryn Mawr last year, and Miss Gelston, a graduate of Michigan University, and for one year a teacher there, will be the new Greek teachers.

Mlle. Sée is enjoying the privilege of the sabbatical year. While at Paris she did the honors to Professor Wenckebach, who also attended the Exposition there. Mlle. Tournier's sister. Mlle. Valentine Tournier, will assist in the French department.

Miss Louise Adams has resigned from the Department of History of Art, and Miss Florence Bigelow, Wellesley, '84, will be teacher assistant. The Art School welcomes the return of Miss Hastings and Miss Harriet Coman. In the School of Music, Miss Fay has retired for a year and gone to Quechee, Vt., where her father is installed as pastor of the Congre-

gationalist church. Her place is to be filled by Miss Minnie A. Stowell, of Peoria, Ill., a very brilliant pianist, lately returned from a five year's course of study in Berlin under eminent masters. Miss Middlekauff's position as organist and teacher is to be continued by Mrs. Stovall, an earnest and accomplished musician and teacher, from Virginia.

Flower Sunday, Sept. 15.

Blue skies and sunshine came back at last to do their part in helping make Flower Sunday bright and beautiful. In accordance with the wish of the founder of the college, the text of the morning sermon, by Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore, was: "God is Love." The chapel was decorated with flowers, another source of brightness and pleasure. Dr. Murkland showed that the measure of God's love is a heavenly measure, for "As the Father has loved Me, so have I loved you." We sometimes measure the heavens by the earth, but we measure best when we measure the earth by the heavens. As the transit of Venus across the disc of the sun gives us the distance of the sun from the earth, so the glorious passage of the Son across the disc of the infinite love measures God's love to us. Breaking up the white light of the text into lines of color, we notice first that God's love is individual, personal. Just as each blade of grass receives the full power of the sun, so God loves each one of us, as if each were the only person in the world. His love is uncalled for, free, and it is unchanging and eternal. In another line of color we see that God's love is interpreted and intensified by suffering. And, lastly, this love is everlasting, holding on to the end.

As is the usual custom, most of the audience waited after the service to hear the organ. A praise service was held at 5.15 in the chapel, and at 7.30 class prayer-meetings were held.

A COURSE of lectures is to be given in the Town Hall under the management of Sincerity Lodge, I. O. O. F. The first one in the course will be given by Melville D. Landon, A. M. (Eli Perkins) of New York, on the evening of October 2d, to be followed by Mr. Robarts Harper of London, England, with one of his famous illustrated lectures, Nov. 13. A concert Dec. 11, the Imperial Quartette of Boston, accompanied by Miss Hoyt as reader. On January 15, Robert Nourse of Washington, D. C., will give his celebrated lecture "John and Jonathan." Feb. 4, lecture by Rev. H. Bernard Carpenter of Boston. Season tickets will be offered for sale the last of this week by members of the lodge. The date of March 7 will be provided for later. As it has been some time since a course of lectures was given in our village, we hope to have a ready sale for the season tickets, as this talent has been secured at a great expense, with a view to please the public.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Mrs. McCoy has left Wellesley for a much needed rest.

The college rules in their gay dress look enticing. Are looks deceitful?

Professor Wenckebach, Fräulein Eggers and Miss Chandler spent the summer abroad.

Mrs. Paul with her sister Miss Woodman, '89, took a driving tour of ninety miles through New Hampshire.

Mr. George Braxton has returned from Paris to give us the benefit of an extended course of instruction there.

Miss Cummings did not leave her Botany at college but found it a very fascinating companion in the White Mountains.

While camping in the Adirondacks and experiencing the pleasures of tent life, Miss Morgan studied music and color philosophically.

Miss Hayes accompanied her brother, Dr. C. W. Hayes, of the United States geological survey, during his field work in Tennessee.

In London, Miss Whiting saw the Shah and attended the International Sunday School Convention. The two were pronounced rival shows.

Miss Van Vleck, Miss Emily Clark and Miss Everett were at the sea-shore. Miss Clark has added swimming to the list of her accomplishments.

Miss Shafer spent the vacation at her home in Oberlin. Miss Chapin, Miss Hodgkins and Miss Metcalf have also enjoyed a quiet summer at their homes.

Freshman certificates kept Miss Mary Roberts in Wellesley, during a great part of the summer months; but this made her few weeks at home all the more delightful.

Among her many summer experiences, Miss Calkins assisted in the management of a vacation manual training school. Madamoiselle Pelissier was a teacher in the Oswego summer school.

Miss Dora Emerson, '92, will not return to college until Christmas. Miss Mary Plant, '92, and Miss Julia Herrick, '92, have entered Michigan University. Miss Mary Harmon, '92, has left us for Cornell and Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, for Vassar.

Miss Barrows varied her summer by a trip to quaint New Brunswick. She tells us that Miss Middlekauff has been taking a trip through Scotland and the Cathedral towns and is now in London. Miss Middlekauff will begin her studies in October.

Miss Currier, with fresh enthusiasm for her work, has returned from a delightful trip through the Northwest. She was in Dakota, where she visited the famous Dalrymple farms, in Oregon, Minnesota and other places; but her especial message is that all the Faculty see California before they die.

The former History Lecture Room is undergoing a transformation and will, in course of time, greet loyal members of Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha as Society Hall. The decorations will be simple but effective; and, while the committee hardly hope for such an artistic triumph as the new Art Building, still they anticipate marked success.

During the vacation the Editors of Legenda have received numerous letters inquiring if any copies of the annual remain unsold. There are still a few copies which may be had on application to Miss Sarah Louise Magone, Wellesley College, price seventy-five cents, by mail eighty-five. The expenses of publication are more than met, and the remaining receipts will go to the Chapel Fund; a detailed statement of the financial account of the book will appear later.

Dr. Speakman spent her vacation in Iowa. She gained strong arguments in favor of prohibition from the bright and shining example of that state. For, although prohibition had been enforced for three years only, there was no public debt; in the ninety-nine counties, sixty-six jails were empty, and the crime record of the penitentiaries had decreased twenty-five per cent. The doctor also adds that the only dilapidated thing she saw in Sioux city was an old brewery.

The Maine coast was very popular among our college friends. Miss Hallowell, Miss Cooley, Miss Stratton, Miss Bates and Miss A. B. Hawes each found some pleasant resort in that interesting region. Wiscasset attracted Miss Charlotte Roberts and Miss Kendall and there they spent a quiet month. Later Miss Kendall went to Heron Island. Quite a delegation from Wellesley visited Oceanville, Deer Isle; for there were Mr. and Mrs. Manley and Master Harold, Mrs. and Miss Case. They were joined by Miss Stratton, Miss Amelia Hall, '84, and Miss Elizabeth Jones, '84.

FOREIGN LETTER.

Strand, London, Aug. 11, '89.

My Dear Wellesley Friends:

As I sit here in the heart of the great town on this pleasant Sunday morning and send my thoughts back to your conditions, so different from mine, I long to surround you with the atmosphere of this dear familiar place, where everything, like the furniture of our lodgings bears traces to the mind, if not to the eye, of a long succession of owners. But since it is incident only and not atmosphere which will bear transportation, I own I am a little puzzled to know what of our very quiet and *homey* life this summer will have more than an individual interest. So much of it has been to me the delight of seeing again the loved faces whose spiritual or even photographic presence is not always completely satisfying.

This dear, dingy, rainy town has, I believe, a more compelling fascination than any other place except Rome. Other places are gay, beautiful, historic, happy; London, with little that is historic except her soil and with not even a pretence of any other attraction, yet draws one, not only without one's will, but even against one's will. Is it perhaps the fulness of life which Lamb wept over and which has been growing in richness and variety ever since his time?

We were drawn by the magnetism, be it what it may, and came here with but a few days' delay. And here we have remained ever since, watching, sympathizing, imagining, until we seem to know out of our own experience some of these many lives about us. Our table this morning is bright with the deep red roses which in all the streets give a breath of country air that one loves to believe is not unrecognized even by the pitiful little creatures who sell them. If you go into Covent Garden Market early enough, you see the mothers, often with two or three babies about them, hurrying into quiet corners with a bunch of roses, a bunch of leaves and a bunch of ferns. And by the time the penny-spenders are abroad the flowers, rearranged into tiny nosegays, are being carried hither and thither by the babies whose pinched limbs plead more earnestly than their eager voices.

But even this business means risk and outranks that of the lavender-sellers. For roses will fade, but lavender, wherewith the dainty house wife still perfumes her linen, may be offered, however dry. One poor woman haunts me still—she had the patient, haggard eyes which make one's heart ache and the dry flowers dropped from the bunch as we took it. One grows to expect all sorts of imposition and so we hurried on with no thought that her thanks meant more than thanks usually do, but when we came back a few moments later she was there still, had taken her baby into her arms and was teaching it in soft whispers, "say thank you."

It was a gratitude that could not have been feigned. What must the need have been to which a penny could seem so much!

But if want is everywhere, tender and wise hearts are everywhere too. It has been most interesting to listen to the different plans for relief. One eager, enthusiastic woman tried hard to convince me that all weariness, *ennui* and monotony vanishes out of the life of him who has a little plot of ground and digs in it every day. Had she her way, we should doubtless have physicians of the soul who would prescribe for the self-centered hypochondriac the rearing of some delicate tropical plant, for the timid and shrinking the care of an oak, which wrings strength and charm out of hardship and opposition.

More stimulating, though not more amusing, was the visit to a wealthy manufacturer who has set his home with all its inspiration and beauty in the dingy factory belt where his workmen must lead their sordid lives. His grounds are open to them; his heart and life are open to them. All that they can take of the grace and charm which their muscles have helped to make is freely theirs. "Is it mine, papa?" asked a little lad seeing new splendors for the first time. "Yes, dear, yours to look at," was the wise answer.

Such lives are large not only with sympathy, but with all sorts of simple pleasures. We discussed flowers. "We couldn't get on, you know, without primroses," said one middle-aged man, with much the same tone as he might have used to say we couldn't get on without air. It was a bit of litmus paper. Isn't it Holmes who suggests somewhere that we treat new acquaintances much as we do an unknown chemical solution?

There is just one other scrap I must tell you, not because it means so much in itself, but because it shows how every one is hammering out her own solution of the problems which surround us all. It is of a woman, young, scholarly and refined, who is never so happy as when allowed to exchange her charming home for a hospital where she spends long days—from seven in the morning to nine at night—in nursing, that she may cheer, help, educate the poor and the sick who cluster about her father's country home. She was just about going for her third term of three months when I saw her and she thought of it as the general, no, rather as the private thinks of the battle before him.

But we must not leave you with the idea that we have seen nothing of the things for which travellers are supposed to sigh. We have lounged in the National Gallery, which is only five minutes' walk away, and have drawn our own little moral as we saw how the Flemings, good in their way, were so controlled by Raphael's fascination that they tried to be Raphaels and ended by not even being good Flemings. We have learned afresh before the Cimabue how that late Italian painter, a master himself and familiar with the works of the greatest masters, could yet choose to say his prayers to "an ugly little olive-colored Virgin of the Byzantine school."

We have walked past the Horse Guards and laughed in our irreverent souls and even planned a communication to the commons to tell them what we are quite sure many of them don't know, that those two mounted horsemen who stand always at the gate ready to ride forth at a call are there, as their predecessors have been there for more than two hundred years, to prevent that august body from being over-awed by the apprentices! We revel in the thought of their amazed contempt.

And we have stood in Smithfield, while the clatter and commonplace of traffic died away as we read the simple little tablet and thrilled with the knowledge that there was born an inspiration infinitely beyond even its great price. "The noble army of martyrs praise thee," chants the tablet, and our hearts respond Amen!

And now we draw a long breath before we plunge in to railway carriages and hotels. For at the end of the week we start on our northward way and by the time this letter reaches you, with our heads full of English cathedrals and Scottish mountains, we shall be climbing over Wordsworth's hills and dreaming beside his lakes.

Mary Alice Willcox.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

SOUTHERN WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

The second annual meeting of the Southern Wellesley Association was held on the Assembly Grounds of the Kentucky Chautauqua Assembly at Lexington, Ky., July 2, 1889, with fourteen members present.

At the business meeting, at 9.30 A. M., the following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. W. D. McClintock; Vice President, Lilian W. Johnson; Secretary and Treasurer, May Stone.

The President of Wellesley College was chosen honorary member of the association.

At 5 P. M., there was an open meeting of the association in the Auditorium, attended by a large audience. The following programme was presented:—

Prayer. . . . . Dr. McKee.
President's Address. . . Leila McKee.
Violin Solo. . . . Vitale.
Paper, Wellesley Girl as an Educator.
Sophonisba Breckinridge.
Paper, Wellesley Girl out of College.
Mrs. J. W. Gill.
Song. . . . . Miss De Rossett.
College Annals. . . Mattie Hocker.
Song. . . . . Penelope Hendrick
Benediction.

There was a banquet at 7 P. M. for the members of the association.

After an ample repast, there were toasts to
The College Beautiful, . . Mrs. M. D. McClintock.
The Southern Wellesley Association,
Lilian M. Johnson.

Letters of regret from Mrs. Mark Twain, read by

Callie Warner; Queen Isabella of Spain, read by Penlope Hendrick.

Just after these letters were read, came a telegram from Miss Helen A. Shafer, President of Wellesley College, sending loving greetings to Wellesley's Southern daughters. The meeting closed with three cheers for the College Beautiful.

All Southern Students of Wellesley College are cordially invited to join this association. For further information, address the Secretary,

MAY STONE.

1400 Third Ave., Louisville, Ky.

BORN.

At Madura, India, Jan. 20, a son, John Rendall, to Mrs. Henrietta Rendall Chandler, '86.

At Lowell, Mass., July 24, a daughter to Mrs. Addie Gibson Sawyer, student at Wellesley, '81-'82.

At Warren, Ohio, July 31, a daughter to Mrs. Carrie Park Harrington, ,83.

At Providence, R. I., in July, a daughter, Gwendolin, to Mrs. Amelia Torrey Blodgett, student at Wellesley, '76-'77.

At Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 18, a son, Scoville Thomas, to Mrs. Harriet Scoville Devan, '83.

MARRIED.

McDOWELL-STOWE.— At Memphis, Tenn., June 6, Maud Stowe, student at Wellesley, '85-'86, to Malcolm W. McDowell.

LITTLE-FARNSWORTH.— At Woburn, Mass., June 25, Charlotte Jewett Farnsworth, student at Wellesley, '86-'88, to William Adan Little.

DU BOIS-HARLOW.— June 26, Emilie O. Harlow, student at Wellesley, '84-'85, to Gilbert DuBois.

SEVERANCE-HARRIMAN—At Cottage Grove, Minn., June 26, Mary F. Harriman, '85, to Cordonio A. Severance.

VANALEN-HENDERSON.— At Montgomery, Penn., June 26, May D. Henderson, '85, to George L. Van Alen.

IRISH-JOCKOW.—At Lowell, Mass., June 27, Caroline Adelia Jockow, student at Wellesley '81-'84, to Cyrus Wendell Irish.

HART-PUTNAM.— At Manchester, N. H., July 11, Mary Hurd Putnam, student at Wellesley '78-'79, to Albert Bushnell Hart.

TUTTLE-WHITE.—At Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 6, Myra White, student at Wellesley '85-'87, to Rev. Henry W. Tuttle.

DELAFIELD-LLOYD.—At San Francisco, Cal., August 14, Anne Shepherd Lloyd, student at Wellesley '77-'78, to Robert Hare Delafield.

SAFFORD-LEE.—At Pleasant Valley, Ct., Aug. 28, Christabel Lee, '88, to Philo Perry Safford.

ADAMS-POND.—At Auburndale, Mass., Adeline V. Pond, student at Wellesley '78-'79, to Samuel Adams.

GORDY-HUNTER.—At Thompsonville, Ct., Isabel D. Hunter, student at Wellesley '87-'88, to Wilbur F. Gordy.

DIED.

At Greenfield, Mass., July 17, Mrs. Chester C. Conant.

At Worcester, July 24, Nellie M. Hardy, '85.

At Selma, Ala, July 30, Belle Holley Lewis, student at Wellesley '79-'82.

At Rockford, Ill., Aug. 25, Ralph Emerson, jr.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THE Persian language is taught at Cornell.

SIXTEEN colleges and universities in the United States are without presidents.—*Ex.*

PAPERS are published by 164 of the 389 colleges and universities in the United States.—Ex.

A WEALTHY American has given $300,000 for the erection of a university at Nankin, China.

MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY has now more students than any other American institution of learning.

THE Washington Catholic University has raised $8,000,000 and will open its doors next October.

THE example set by Cornell in establishing a course in journalism will be followed by the University of Pennsylvania.

THE University of Pennsylvania will erect a dormitory at the cost of $125,000. It is to be the largest in the United States.

AN unnamed New Englander has given $100,000, to which Japanese gentlemen have added $70,000 to found a Christian university in Japan.

THE School of History and Political Economy of Columbia College probably holds first rank among schools of its kind in this country.

THE new building at Wells will not be ready for use before next June. The number of students is limited by the present accommodation to about fifty-six.

THE Methodists are about to invade the Mormon territory and establish a university at Ogden, Utah, where large grants of land have been made them.

PROFESSOR ANDREWS, formerly of Brown University, but for the past year Professor of Political Economy in Cornell, returns to Brown this fall to take the presidential chair.

REALIZING the disadvantages of society strife, the students at Williams are endeavoring to raise, by subscription, two hundred thousand dollars, to build a general chapter house.

MADISON UNIVERSITY will hereafter be called Colgate University, after its great benefactors, James and Samuel Colgate of New York City. Madison students are opposed to the change in the name of the institution.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, representing an unknown person, has recently purchased more than 70,000 square feet of land fronting on the Charles River. It is the intention of the purchaser to present this land to Harvard College for the use of the Harvard Rowing Club. The land is situated in a direct line from the college ground, and owing to the absence of strong tides at this point is better adapted to the use of the club than its present situation.

OUR OUTLOOK.

"Look out and not in—and lend a hand." That is charity—love of our fellow men, Dr. Hale tells us. This column is our outlook, and we want it to be one that shall fit us to "lend a hand" later.

As was announced last year, items will be given chiefly concerning the educational, industrial, political and legal work of women. Do we realize how much we need such an outlook in order that we may take our places in the world intelligently, and thus be ready for our share in its work? Let us consider. Of course we all wish to know about woman's educational and industrial work, but political and legal—are not such interests as these foreign to our college work?

There are two remarks which we often hear. One, that college is a preparation for after life; the other, a complaint that in college there is too little acquaintance with what is going on in the world. These remarks, then, furnish sufficient reason why we should learn of the political and legal work of women; for this work is going on constantly in the world, and not only is it History with which we should be familiar, but it is History of which we must make a part. We need to be well informed on these questions that we may judge them fairly. Whatever our preconceived opinions may be, the fact remains that many earnest women are working for progress in woman's political and legal relations, and whether we favor or oppose this, we should act reasonably, and not cling to the skirts of exploded theories.

But there is a strong motive for lending our hands to this work. There are grievous mistakes in our laws, mistakes which injure the physical, mental and moral welfare of human beings. These mistakes the women of to-day are striving to set right. While they aid in all reforms as far as is permitted, especial attention is given to laws affecting women and children.

The following selection was taken from an August number of the *New York Independent:* "The laws of this country relating to woman have been greatly improved. We have no doubt that the discussion of the Woman's suffrage question, and the light thereby thrown upon her rights as a human being, have had much to do with this change in her favor. Women's Suffrage has not been gained, except to a very limited extent; and yet this is no proof that in the end it will not be triumphant. So far as suffrage has been tried no evil has grown out of it. We have never been able to see any sufficient objection to it. If a woman may sit on a throne in England without harm to the public interests, we cannot see why women may not safely be vested with the right of suffrage in this country."

Fact is corrupting—it is we who correct it by the persistence of our ideal.—*Amiel.*

WABAN RIPPLES.

It is plain that Wellesley is looking up in the world. Behold two "soulless railroad corporations" bidding for its patronage! But plainly it is yet uncertain to the public whether higher education strengthens woman's spiritual or material instincts, for one railway offers roses, smilax and a handsome young man, the other a free breakfast.

Time, August, 1889. Scene—Drug Store, Bath, Maine. Affable clerk in attendance.

Enter Prof. of Chemistry, Wellesley College, in search of chemicals used in amateur photography.

Affable clerk, as he fills the order—"Ah, going to dabble a little in chemistry?"

Practical illustrations of the truth of the cartoon dedicated to the "sweet girl graduate," in the last June number of *Life*.

Her face was grave with study deep
  Of Puckle and Genung,
And all of Horace's metric lines
  Were ready on her tongue.

O'er Sophomore Lit. and Botany
  She many an hour had spent,
And with the knowledge she had gained,
  Our maid was well content.

And as she stood in the market place,
  She held her head full high.
Oh, smug was the look upon her face!
  And prideful was her eye.

She gave her order—"A nice roast, please!"
  In a tone of calm command,
And then towards a box of vegetables
  She lightly waved her hand.

"I'd like two of those cauliflowers?"
  The man suppressed a grin
And said,—"If you please, them's egg-plants, miss,
  Our cauliflowers ain't in."

Then she smiled too, but I think her smile
  Was not so gay as his,
"Then send me this nice lettuce, please."
  Said he, "That's cabbage, miss!"

College Girl—"I would like some lamb to-day."

Butcher—"There is a quarter with seven pounds in it. Would that suit?"

C. G.—"Yes, I think so. How much is it?"

B.—"Twenty-five cents."

C. G.—Much impressed with the cheapness of her purchase, draws a quarter from her purse and offers it to the butcher; seeing his hesitation, asks—"That's right, isn't it?"

B.—"Why, yes, twenty-five cents a pound, but there are seven pounds!"

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The Atlantic.—"The Isthmus Canal and American Control" is in favor of neutralization to all powers.—"James Wilson" is a historical sketch in which the author urges the claims of Mr. Wilson to gratitude from his countrymen.—"La Nouvelle France" treats of the desires of the French Canadians for power.—"Flowers and Folks" presents the reflection of human characters in flowers.—"The Gold Heart," and "Vodooism in Tennessee" are peculiar stories.—"The Day of Rest" from a secular point of view argues man's need of a regular day of rest.—"The Black Madonna of Loreto" is an interpretation and description of that Madonna.

The Century.—In his article "Winged Botanists," W. Hamilton Gibson calls attention to the association between insects and plants.—"Napolean in Exile" is especially interesting. The account is made up from unpublished letters of English officers.—"The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son, in the Light of their Monuments" shows the harmony between the inscriptions upon the Egyptian monuments, and the Bible narrative. —"The History of the Kara Political Prison," by Geo. Kennan, is full of the horrors of the place. The effect of the article is intensified by the likenesses given.—"Telegraphing in Battle" is interesting because we are little acquainted with the subject.—Geo. Cable has a short story "Attalie Brouillard," and an open letter in this number.

Harper's.—"American Artists at the Paris Exhibition" is fully illustrated. The present display is favorably contrasted with those of previous exhibitions.—"The Religious Movement in France" in the Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant churches, is described by M. Edmund De Pressensé.—An article on "The Religious Movement in Germany" was published in the August number.—"The Pendragon Trial" is amusing.—The history of "The Oldest and Smallest Sect in the World"—the Samaritans—is given by Rev. John F. Hurst, D. D.—The descriptions of "Kentucky Fairs," and "Holy Moscow" are interesting.—"London Mock Parliaments" is perhaps less entertaining.—"Easy Chair" should not be passed by.—In the "Editor's Study" Mr. Howells decides that "there is somewhere a limit, an end, to the open saying of such things as one thinks and feels."

North American Review.—In "The Elixir of Life" Dr. Hammond claims that "there is nothing inherently impossible in a so-called "elixir of life."—"Common-Sense and Civil-Service Reform" advocates changing public officers with a change of administration.—"Are Public Libraries Public Blessings?" The writer answers that they are not, but are injuries under the present management.—"The Coming Congress" by Henry Cabot Lodge, will help those not already familiar with the matters to come before Congress.—"Nurseries of Crime" is written by Police Inspector Byrnes in regard to New York lodging houses.—"The Real Rights of Women" has much that is true in it, but Mrs. Cooke, though pleading for justice, is inexcusably unjust to others.

All the articles are well worth reading.

The Fortnightly Review.—"Coleridge as a Poet" is perhaps the leading article. The aim of the writer is to bring forward what Dante Rossetti called "the leading point about Coleridge's work–its human love." "Parallels to Irish Home Rule" defines and instances Home Rule.—"What English People Read" is a discouraging list ."Works of fiction, to the comparative neglect of other forms of literature, books of a highly sensational character, destitute of literary merit."—"The Coming Elections in France" discusses the possible future of the Republic.—"Russian Characteristics. Part I–Lying." The lack of intellectual enlightment makes lying "as natural as singing," to the masses.—"The Case against Capital Punishment" is very strong. An article for Juniors.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Our English. By A. S. Hill. Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16 mo. cloth, $1.00. This book is to be commended not so much for what it says on the subject of English, as for what it suggests. The new phases of life presented in a country as yet in the process of developing its resources, and the presence of an increasingly heterogeneous population tend to unsettle the long-existing forms of spoken and written language. Two movements are constantly going on, the one tends to enrich the language, the other to degrade it. It is from the latter point of view that Prof. Hill writes his book, and his effort is to point out dangers and suggest remedies. His articles, therefore, cover a wider field than that of the mere teaching of English, and concern all who are interested in preserving the language in its purity. He discusses English in schools and colleges, in newspapers and novels, in the pulpit and in the social circle. Of all the articles perhaps the one on "Colloquial English" is the least satisfactory, but the subject is one not easy to handle. The art of conversation is one of the most difficult to acquire and is not subject to rules and teachers. The first two articles are especially interesting to the teacher and student and contain much that is suggestive. The principles laid down are such as are receiving recognition more and more widely in all our schools, and progressive teachers are on the alert to discover the best methods for making the study of English living and practical. It is to the men and women of culture our author says that we must look to correct the evils that creep into the newspapers and novels of the day. It is much easier to see the difficulties here, than to find a remedy. The problem lies, in great measure, with the schools; or more truly with every thoughtful person, and the most that any teacher or writer can do is to inspire every one who studies or reads with the same love for his language that he has for his country and to lead him to lend his aid in gaining the desired end. The article on "English in the Pulpit" carries the discussion into a field often supposed to have features entirely peculiar to itself, and the subject is treated in the broad, vigorous way which characterizes the whole book. We are shown that the preacher, so far as the art of speaking and writing is concerned, must come to the level of all those, who "as a human being" would speak to other human beings, if he would influ-

ence men, and that there is no such thing as "Sacred Rhetoric." The Central Thought, which binds all these articles together, is that simple, accurate, vigorous English, is to be sought after by all who love the mother-tongue, and is equally desirable in the ephemeral publication of the time, in the pulpit where sacred themes are presented, and in the circle where men and women meet together for the enjoyment of the hour, or the transactions of daily life. Prof. Hill's criticisms are keen, but in general free from the narrowness of the pedagogue, and his clear, straightforward style furnishes an excellent example of the principles he advances.

School Edition of the Iliad, I-III. By Professor T. Seymour. Boston: Ginn & Co., $1.35. Students of Greek hardly need to be told that all the editions of Greek authors, published by Ginn and Co., are characterized by accurate scholarship and by typographical excellence. This is pre-eminently true of Professor T. D. Seymour's recent *School Edition of the Iliad* I-III. The introduction, which is abbreviated from the editor's "Introduction to the Language and Verse of Homer," refers to the literary problems of Homeric authorship, in paragraphs which are condensed but adequate. Special features of the book are a map of Homeric Greece, "family trees" of Homeric heroes, and a very useful bibliographical note. The vocabulary is adapted to the first six books of the Iliad.

Great Words From Great Americans. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, 207 pp. This valuable little collection contains the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, Washington's Circular Letter of Congratulation and Advice to the Governors of the Thirteen States, Washington's first and second Inaugural Addresses, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's first and second Inaugural Addresses, Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, an Appendix, and an Index to the Constitution, and we feel sure that it will prove a welcome addition to any library. Frequent and careful reading of such words as these could not fail to have its influence upon the people of this nation, and keep alive in them the same sturdy spirit of patriotism, the same earnest desire for truth which actuated those who first spoke the words.

King's Handbook of Boston. Boston: Moses King Corporation. 9th edition, cloth, $1.00. This work hardly needs any new word of comment or recommendation from us. It is already so well known through earlier editions. We should like, however, to emphasize the great need of such a book in every New England home at least, and we think it would not be amiss if we should add to the old saying, "Know thyself," this little word of advice, and thy city likewise. There can be no reasonable excuse, to-day, for the ignorance of their homes that is displayed by so many people. As a guide for strangers visiting the city, *Kings Handbook* will be found most reliable and helpful, containing, as it does, interesting and valuable information about all the principal features of the city. The new edition has been carefully revised and enlarged, and contains numerous and good illustrations.

Our Town. By Margaret Sidney. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price $1.25. The well-known author of *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*, and other equally entertaining stories of young life, has in her latest work, *Our Town*, produced a realistic picture of a New England manufacturing village. The ethical motive of the book is pronounced. It is dedicated to all members of the Society of Christian Endeavor and takes occasion, in the unfolding of the narrative, to illustrate the beneficent influences of that organization. It spends its best force on the handling of the labor-question, depicting in a series of vigorous chapters the progress and consequences of a fairly representative strike and suggesting for the adjustment of the differences between employer and employed a scheme well in line with the economic theories of modern philanthropy. If we examine the book in the light of Ruskin's dictum: "Your art is to be the praise of something you love," we shall conclude that the author of *Our Town* is possessed by the love of unselfishness, for she has spent the artistic resources at her command in a most earnest effort to portray not only the usefulness and beauty of self-forgetful living, but its essential wisdom, dignity and joy, as contrasted with the folly, restlessness and misery of egotism.

Sweet Brier. By M. E. N. Sherwood. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. Price $1.25. Following the present fashion which finds in house keeping and recipes excuse for story-telling, Mrs. Sherwood has made of her *Sweet Brier* a sugar-coated dose of social etiquette. The heroine, Phyllis Gatewood, is introduced as "an unlessoned girl" from a country town. She is disciplined somewhat abruptly and severely by a summer flitting from Saratoga to Richfield, from Richfield to Newport and from Newport to Lennox, under the auspices of a fashionable aunt. Then follows a winter of study and gayety in New York. The girl at first learns the false and cruel side of that mysterious thing Society; but later by the aid of an amiable cousin, and of the friendly rector who prepared her for confirmation, she learns that much of conventionalism consists in true self-control and kindness, and that there are nobler traits in character than her own vaunted "independence." Phyllis is beautiful, clever and affectionate. For some unexplained reason she dances well, though she eats with her knife and drinks from her finger-bowl. In the course of the story she is instructed in the code of dining, visiting, letter-writing and general conformity; and the book may be recommended as a handbook of the minor morals. The costumes, *menus* and wedding-festivities suggest the columns of a society journal, and one is prejudiced at first against the leading characters of the story by the astonishing information that "the tone of the Bestwick household was too high and too thoroughbred for quarrels."

Choice Cookery. By Catherine Owen. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00. This little book will be welcomed by many who have already become acquainted with its chapters through the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*. It contains recipes for the newest and choicest dishes only. The directions are full and clear, and the way is made easy to many a dainty dish hitherto beyond the reach of many private kitchens.

With respect to any final aim or end, the greater part of mankind live at hazard. They have no certain harbor in view, nor direct their course by any fixed star. But to him that knoweth not the port to which he is bound, no wind can be favorable, neither can he, who has not yet determined at what mark he is to shoot, direct his arrow aright.—*Coleridge*.

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